

THE LADY'S
WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

"To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
"To raise the genius, and to mend the heart."

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[NUMBER XXX.]

Selected for the Lady's Miscellany.

The History of

GOSTANZA AND MARTUCCIO.

A FLORENTINE TALE.

IN a part of the Mediterranean sea, and to the east of the shores of Italy, is situated the island of Lipari, whose natural beauty could only be exceeded by those of cultivation; and whose charms of cultivation, at the period of our narrative, were what might be expected from the state and industry of its inhabitants. As it is more to the south than Italy, it has more of that genial fervour, the soft influence of which is extended as far as itself, and affects no less the face of nature, than the hearts, the minds, and the spirits of men. The surface of the fields was thus covered with the joyful garb of Plenty; the dark green of the herbage, the waving gold of the ripened harvest, appeared to mark it as the seat of Ceres. The happiness of the inhabitants was such as suited the plenty and beauty of the island. The government, as if fortune had seconded the efforts of nature, was no less mild than that of the climate, as the latter might be assumed as no imperfect emblem of the effects of the former. Could any state be more enviable than that of the inhabitants of Lipari; could any island be more suited than this for the throne of the Cyprian queen. It was, indeed, natural that Love should here fix his habitation; but could avarice be found in a state like this? Alas, where man is found the vice of man will follow. The wolves will still pursue the track of their prey.

The wealth of the inhabitants, like that of other islanders, arose from their traffic; and the merchants of Lipari were scarcely less known than those of Venice. The most successful, and therefore the richest of this class of men, was a trader of the name of Lysimachus. The harbours of Lipari were crowded with his vessels; and, as if he set fortune at defiance, scarcely a wind could blow which did not either hasten the arrival, or facilitate the desired departure of some one or other of his numerous ships. The wealth of Lysimachus, though still insufficient to satisfy himself, was in proportion to the extent and success of his trade. His credit was not confined to the narrow limits of his native island; his loans were sought, and his securities accepted by the princes and states of Europe. The family of Medici, at that period the factors of the world, and whose princely magnificence gave new dignity to traffic, did not enjoy a reputation more general, or better established. This was enough to satisfy any reasonable desires; but the thirst of avarice is not confined within the limits of nature; Lysimachus was avaricious, and the accumulated riches of Europe and the Indies would have been unequal to his wishes.

There are some vices upon which the vengeance of Heaven is immediate, and, in order to effect that purpose, they carry their own punishment; such is that of avarice. It is the nature of this passion that it calls all the powers of the soul to itself, and leaves no vacancy to the enjoyment of any other pleasure than what regards the gratification of its own

appetite. Lysimachus possessed a treasure of more value than his almost boundless wealth, and had he not been blinded by his predominant passion, had his avarice not suspended the feelings of nature, he would have felt and acknowledged its superior worth; Lysimachus had a daughter of which a father like himself was unworthy. The name of this lady was Gostanza; her beauty, though superior to that of most of her sex, was her least recommendation; all the mild and gentle graces, which are the proper attributes of women, were to be found in her.

The extent of the traffic of Lysimachus required the service of many clerks and assistants. There was one whose activity and ingenuity was more singular than that of his companions; the name of this youth was Martuccio.

Martuccio, whose situation in the house of Lysimachus gave him frequent opportunities of the society and conversation of Gostanza, could not be insensible to her superior beauty, and felt it in a manner suited to his youth and amorous nature. He was not, however, blind to the difference of their conditions; and the ruling passion of Lysimachus, which was an unbounded thirst for gain, was an insuperable bar to the success of his suit. The rash confidence of youth, however, inspired hopes; and finding that his assiduities were not displeasing to Gostanza, he took a speedy opportunity for declaring himself. One day he followed her, unobserved, into the garden, whither she had retired after dinner. She entered a grove of pines, and

sat down on a bench in the thickest obscurity of the wood. She had a lute in her hand, which she touched with a most rapturous effect, and then accompanied it with her voice; which, taking part in the feelings of her mind and the pathetic words of her song, fluttered with every emotion of tenderness. Martuccio burst from his retreat, and threw himself on his knees before her. The declaration of his love was at once warm and eloquent, and though impetuous, yet tempered by respect. Gostanza did not quickly recover her composure; and when she did, her agitation answered his fondest hopes; and her tongue, at length, confirmed the warm confession of her blazes.

The lovers, after this mutual avowal, had frequent interviews; their constant subject of conversation was their passion, and the little hope which attended it—Martuccio, though the clerk of a merchant, and therefore himself a member of traffic, had nothing of the love of money common to his class.

The early part of the life of Lysimachus had been passed in a most rigid denial of all desires which had been attended with any expence. He had married to get rid of a debt that he owed to a brother merchant, and which he cancelled by taking his daughter. What reasonable expectations of success could be entertained from an application to a man of this nature? Could he, whose heart only yielded to money, be supposed to take pity on the feelings of two lovers, and give his daughter and all his fortune to a man, when compared to himself, a mere beggar? "Yet strange as my proposal is," (cried Martuccio to Gostanza,) "I will make it. It is useless to despond where the least spark of hope may be retained; and a reasonable confidence is, at least, our duty, till trial has convinced us that we have to contend with impossibilities." "And what," (cried Gostanza,) "is more impossible than the consent of my father to make us happy? He will

part with his daughter, perhaps, but will still keep his money; and, as for myself, Martuccio, I should show as great a want of love as of prudence, were I to consent to give a beggar to your arms."

The reasoning of his mistress did not deter Martuccio, who one day followed his master out of the counting-house, and with great hesitation, made proposals for his daughter.

Lysimachus was at first surprised, but far from irritated; his countenance indeed, relaxed into a smile, and he desired Martuccio to take a seat. "My good friend," (cried he tapping him on the head) "do you think me in my senses?"

"Sir!"

"Yes, Martuccio (he continued), do you think me in my senses? for you or I must certainly have taken leave of them. Now I trust I have mine, because I shall give you a plain refusal; but I much doubt whether you have yours, for making the application."

Arguments were as ineffectual as in-treaty to overcome the reluctance of the merchant; Martuccio, therefore, was dismissed without having derived any advantage from his application. The hopes of the lovers were terminated by this conference, and their misery upon this event of their passion was only equalled by the renewed protestation of their love. Gostanza, after the manner of her sex, gave it a vent in tears and complaints; Martuccio did not support it with greater resolution, though his gravity of character, and greater strength of mind, restrained the expression of his feelings within more narrow limits. He had lost, however, all relish for his former pleasures; he could no longer fix himself to the discharge of his usual business, his mind was occupied, his attention absorbed in one only idea. The misery of his situation at length induced him to take a singular resolution: he sought an interview with Gostanza, and she at length attended him

at the place of appointment. Her surprise was great at an unusual change in the appearance of lover; his features which had lately borne no other expression than that of hopeless love, had now the more lively character of rising hope; his habit was still more singular; he had laid aside the dress of the clerk, and assumed that of a sailor. Gostanza demanded of him the cause of what she beheld. "You appear very happy, Martuccio," (said she, with an air of reproach) "and your dress is still more changed than your features. What is the cause of this levity; alas, can a love so hopeless admit these sports of a mind at ease!"

"You are deceived, my Gostanza," (replied he) "if you impute what you see to levity, or the sports of a mind at ease.—Our love is, indeed, at present hopeless; but the vicissitudes of fortune are as sudden as various, and what she refuses us to-day, she may spontaneously offer to us to-morrow. Behold the aim of my present purpose, and the cause of my changed habits. Your father has no other motive for his refusal to our happiness than that of my unequal fortune; and could that inequality be removed, he would not hesitate to confirm our love by his parental consent. In my present situation, as the clerk and dependant of another, I can have no hope of attaining this eminence of wealth, and therefore, if I remain in the service of Lysimachus, I must submit to see you the wife of a rich rival. To avoid this, I have resolved to leave your father's house, and embark as a sailor, on a voyage of adventure. A Venetian Captain, a relation of my father, is now in the port of Lipari; he has invited me to embark with him for the Indies; and, to encourage me to an acceptance of his proposal, has offered me the loan of four thousand ducats, to purchase the necessary merchandize. Behold, Gostanza, the source of my present hopes. Yes, my Gostanza, I feel a confidence that Heaven will bless my honest efforts, and that our union is not so impossible, or so distant as it appears."

Gostanza was about to answer, as far as her tears would permit, when they were interrupted by Lysimachus himself, who demanded, with some anger, the cause of her unusual emotion. Martuccio did not hesitate to declare his purpose. Lysimachus for some moments regarded him with astonishment, but at length returning to his usual air of gravity, he demanded of Martuccio if he were in earnest.

"From this eminence, replied Martuccio, you may behold the ship. My departure is fixed an hour hence."

(To be Continued.)

HAPPINESS.

I **IGNORE** to have doubts whether wisdom alone be sufficient to make us happy. Whether every step we make in refinement is not an inlet into new disquietudes. A mind too vigorous and active, serves only to consume the body to which it is joined, as the richest jewels are soonest found to wear their settings. When we rise in knowledge, as the prospect widens, the objects of our regard become more obscure; and the unlettered peasant whose views are only directed to the narrow sphere around him, beholds nature with a finer relish, and tastes her blessings with a keener appetite, than the philosopher, whose mind attempts to grasp an universal system.

Godsmith.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

ON DRAMATIC POETRY.

AMONG the various productions of genius none holds a more distinguished rank than dramatic poetry. In every civilized country, this species of composition has been more or less cultivated. It is indeed so consonant with the nature and disposition of man, that it is found to exist even among nations comparatively rude and uncivilized. Scarce had science begun to shed her genial influence over the narrow empire of Greece, when theatrical representations became a favorite

amusement. Their original essays, as might have been expected, possessed only an inferior degree of merit; but Grecian liberty, and Grecian enthusiasm suffered not the genius of its inhabitants long to be dormant, they quickly became no mean proficient in the art; they soon produced some specimens of dramatic writing, which have been the wonder and admiration of every succeeding age, and which will continue to please and delight as long as literature and science shall flourish. Eschylus, one of the earliest of the Grecian writers, was born soon after the death of Thespis. This poet has been much celebrated for his improvements on the Grecian drama. Instead of the buffooneries and indecencies which had formerly disgraced the stage, he gave to it a more chaste and dignified character. A soldier by profession, he infused into his plays a degree of ardour and enthusiasm, which his imitators have in vain endeavoured to copy. His plots, though somewhat deficient in variety, are not devoid of interest. His language is remarkable for its simplicity, and awfully grandeur; he always warms, and animates us by the vigour of his conceptions. In him we observe more dignity and elevation, and less tenderness and pathos, than in most of his contemporaries. To him succeeded the illustrious poets Euripides, and Sophocles. The former of these imitated in the school of Anaxagoras, and having imbibed the moral sentiments of his master, freely incorporated them with his works. Euripides mostly excels in tenderness, feeling, and pathos; Sophocles in grace, elevation, and dignity. Euripides in moving our passions, and Sophocles in delineating our characters. The former is the most instructive, and the latter the most amusing writer.

Whilst tragedy was thus making rapid strides towards perfection in Greece, comedy still remained in its infancy, and it may be justly doubted, whether it ever attained to the same degree of perfection. The comedies of Magnes, Crates, Pherecrates, Eubolis, and Menander, are now

entirely lost; and consequently, of their respective merits we are little able to judge. Those of Aristophanes however, which remain, leave us something to regret from their loss. These, though they do not increase our admiration for the Grecian character, are, however, valuable for the wit and humour which they display, and also for the insight which they give us into ancient manners and customs.—The Romans who borrowed from this source most of their ideas of dramatic composition, never made any considerable improvements on their Grecian models; they were indeed, pure, classic, and elegant, but they wanted that animating dignity, and that fire of real genius, which so remarkably designated their masters.

After the decline of the Roman empire, a long and dreadful gloom overspread Europe; superstition and credulity were widely diffused over the nations of the earth; they rays of knowledge, and the illuminations of science but slowly dissipated those clouds of ignorance which had been collecting for ages. But when mankind began to burst asunder these oppressive chains which had so long bound them to the earth, reason again resumed her seat, and science once more began to flourish. At this happy period, the study of dramatic composition became an object of considerable importance. Early in the sixteenth century, the polished Ariosto, composed several comedies, which have been much applauded by his countrymen. In the same century the drama took deep root in Spain, and flourished under the favourable auspices of Cervantes, and Lopez de Vega. The success of the former in this department of literature, was by no means equal to what his wit and talents had a right to expect; he was perhaps too chaste and correct to please a common ear; while his successful rival possessed all the extravagance, and all the buffoonery necessary to captivate a vulgar mind, together with merit sufficient to amuse the judicious, and well informed.

At what precise period plays were introduced into England, is not exactly known, but it is certain they never attained to any high degree of perfection previous to the time of Beaumont, and Fletcher, Jonson, and Shakspeare. The former of these, who wrote most of their plays in conjunction, were writers of no mean or ordinary genius. Their productions possess an uncommon share of the comic, their plots are artfully complicated and happily developed, and their style, for the most part, correct, forcible, and elegant. Were it not for that spirit of voluptuousness and indelicacy which pervades them, they would, in all probability, at the present day be favourites with the public. Ben Jonson, the great reformer of the English stage, has been much and justly celebrated for his excellence in dramatic composition; should any one at the present day endeavour to pluck from his aged brows those wreaths of laurel which learning and genius have entwined about them, he would perform but an invidious task; his fame is built upon too solid a basis to be shaken by the attacks of ignorance, or the blasts of envy. His *Volpone*, his *Alchymist*, and *Every Man in his Humour*, are sufficient to hand his name down to the latest posterity. We now come to a name on which Englishmen delight to dwell: Shakspeare was the friend and contemporary of Jonson. This poet, by the unaided efforts of his own genius, has raised to himself a monument more lasting than marble or brass, a reputation which neither the power or force of accidents can destroy, and a name which will not perish, but with the wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds. To him are we indebted for all those lofty and ennobling ideas which give dignity and importance to the human character, and also for some of the sublimest touches of nature, that were ever delineated by the pencil of genius. There is no passion which agitates the breast of man, but what is by him painted with the utmost faithfulness, vigour, and delicacy. The great and majestic

were evidently his forte, yet was he extremely happy in portraying the softer and gentler passions. Who without respect can behold the paternal affection of Hamlet; who without pity, the sufferings of the tender Juliet; who without sympathy, the agonies of the fair Ophelia; and who without a sigh, the awful madness of Lear. A difficulty seldom surmounted by dramatic writers, is a successful delineation of female characters; here Shakspeare seems to have even outvalled himself. Where can we find so much modesty and simplicity, as in the gentle Desdemona? where so much faithfulness and constancy as in the romantic Imogen? where so much fickleness as in the perjured Anne? or where so much ferocity as in the darkened character of Lady Macbeth? Thus were the versatile powers of Shakspeare equally adapted to every species of dramatic writing. Since the days of this immortal bard, there have been few successful votaries of the tragic muse. Among those who have approached nearest to Shakspeare, we may rank Otway, and Rowe. The *Venice Preserved* of the former, has been much praised; it is indeed a play of singular merit—the plot is happy, the incidents striking, and the characters well drawn. It engages our attention, it interests our feelings, and excites our sympathy. Even this, however, violates one of the first rules of the drama, in endeavouring to gain over our passions, to the side of vice and infamy. Rowe is a smooth and an agreeable writer, his versification is harmonious, and his periods well turned, but he is too frequently guilty of loading his verse with meretricious ornaments; the tender and pathetic, and not the vigorous and sublime, are his striking features. The *Fair Penitent*, and *Jane Shore*, have always enjoyed no inconsiderable share of public favour, but as it respects their moral tendency, they are equally censurable with those of Otway. Comedy, after a long proscription, began again to revive under the auspices of Charles the second. The writings of this period breathe so much the spirit of licentiousness and pro-

fligacy, that they will always remain a reproach to the English nation. Nothing can be conceived more indelicate or immodest, than the productions of a Wycherley, or a Farquhar. Under the three successive reigns of James, William, and Anne, comedy became somewhat more improved, but still retained too much of her former licentiousness. The excellent play of the *Provoked Husband* contributed not a little to introduce a reform on the stage. It is, perhaps, the most unexceptionable and least immoral play which that age produced. Congreve, though a writer of acknowledged merit, is too forced and unnatural, to please a delicate ear; had Congreve been less dzzling, and less witty, he might have been more universally read and admired at the present day. From the time of Anne, to the reign of George the third, we find but few good tragic writers; among the foremost of these stands Mr. Moore, the author of the *Gamster*. This elegant tragedy, which on its first appearance, was played but eight nights, and afterwards consigned to the shelf, has been by the taste of future managers, repeatedly revived. No play perhaps in our language, contains more deep pathos than this; none which gains a firmer possession of the soul; and none in which interest and morality are more happily blended. The tender virtues and sufferings of Mrs. Beverly raise in our bosoms unmixed admiration and compassion; and the vile and detestable character of Stukely, disgust and abhorrence; while the mixed one of Beverly, the alternate sensations of pity and indignation. Were all plays written in the same strain of morality with this, licentiousness and vice would be entirely banished from the stage, and virtue and instruction succeed in its place. Johnson's *Irene*, Home's *Dougllass*, Young's *Zanga*, and Mason's *Elfrida*, possess much and characteristic excellence. To give the finishing touches to elegant comedy, was left for the happy genius of a Sheridan. This writer has acquired the art of introducing into his plays, wit without immodesty, and

refinement without affectation; his most esteemed performance, the *School for Scandal*, though not a perfect composition, approaches nearer to it than any we have yet seen. The reign of George the third has been uncommonly productive of dramatic authors; Coleman the younger, may be mentioned as one of the most prolific and popular; his writings, though they have enjoyed an uncommon share of public favour, are, however, too local in their nature to be universally admired. Cumberland's muse will ever be honoured for its noble endeavours to rescue from obliquy and disgrace, characters which past ages have marked out as fit and proper objects for ridicule and contempt. He is a writer of the soundest principles, and strictest morality. His is uniformly chaste and correct, and though he is known occasionally to excel in the forcible and vigorous, yet are tenderness, feeling, and nature, his predominating characteristics. The principal excellence of Holcroft, Reynolds, and Morton, consists in a faithful delineation of Nature. Before we conclude, we shall mention one writer, who, for splendour of diction, elevation of thought, and delicacy of feeling, is not surpassed by any living dramatist. We mean the elegant author of the *Curfew*. This poet, though he has written but two plays, will perish only with our language. From the decided superiority which Tobin possesses over his contemporaries, we may justly lament his premature death: had he lived to have written more, we might have reasonably expected that he would have produced something, not unworthy the pen of a Rowe, an Otway, or a Shakspeare.

C.

Selected for the Lady's Miscellany.

A DESCRIPTION OF LONDON.

(Concluded.)

THE city is a place where almost every act of courtesy and politeness may be set down to the score of policy, where

indeed, subscriptions and donations to misery, shall mostly be regulated by some latent expectations of advantage; where the views of interest shall accompany the man to the tavern, to the play-house, to the public gardens, and authorize expensive dissipation, and midnight revels! Nay, it shall even mix with his very religion, influence his choice of a preacher, or direct his dubious steps to a place of worship, where he may learn "not to love the world, nor the things of the world."

He will find the distinguishing character of the ladies to be an eagerness to pay the most extravagant compliments to their husband's wealth, and, by various arts of dissipation, put his gains and credit to the utmost proof. In a word, he will observe such a general spirit of luxury, such an affectation of affluence amongst our city dames, as to discountenance the very appearance of economy, and render them a willing prey to milliners, laundresses, and their own domestics! He will see such a rage for imitating the prevailing fashion, as breaks down every distinction, and confounds every class; so that he shall find it difficult to distinguish the mistress from the waiting-maid, or decipher the wife or daughter of a butcher, baker, poulterer, or tallow chandler, in a public assembly, from a rich heiress, or the consort of an opulent merchant! He will frequently hear of affectionate wives, who plunder their dear partner at home, that they may support his reputation abroad; and, in league with their servants, advance the price of every marketable commodity in their daily accounts, to raise a fund for these laudable secret services. He will often meet females stepping out of paltry shops and little dirty courts, like heroines on the stage, from a cottage or a prison, in all the pomp of dress! and he may sometimes detect the notable housewife performing her common domestic drudgeries in silks, laces, and muslins, either from her insurmountable passion for finery, or be-

cause the poverty of her wardrobe will not allow her the necessary change of suits.

In the out-skirts of the town, our inquisitive observer may be witness to an odd assemblage of characters and situations. He will find a few who desire to live, and deserve to live, and are so fortunate as to succeed; many who would live and cannot; and greater numbers who do live, and do not deserve it.

He will often discern numbers in silent woe and sickness, privately struggling with woe, whilst imposture intercepts the plentiful streams of mercy, which would otherwise gladden their hearts! He will remark with a mixture of pity and indignation, the cruel policy of the times, which sets open such multitudes of houses for the purposes of intoxication and riot; and thus debauches the morals of the people, in order to increase the public revenues! To this cause will he principally attribute the frequent sight of insolence in rags; of spirits grown uncontrollable, by being lost to every sense of decency; of men reduced to the lowest ebb of wretchedness, even so as no longer to feel their own misery; and terminating their worthless existence by falling victims to the laws, through crimes of which the laws themselves have been the parents, the nurses, and the guardians.

By the river side he will contemplate the sons of Neptune. He will see an impetuous race, equally ready for great and noble exploits, or for riot and confusion, as the most trivial circumstances shall decide; he will find them generous, because thoughtless and imprudent; brutal, because they are themselves hardy; and courageous, because they are ignorant of danger, in the same person he may witness instances of the most exalted virtue and heroism, mixed with the vices of a ruffian.

He may sometimes behold a city mob doing wrong, in order to rectify abuse; sailing forth to revenge real or imagi-

nary evils, and committing still greater in the attempt; meaning well, and actuated by right principles in the first instance, but in the next, degenerating into a lawless handitti; hissing, hallooing, pelting, or leading in triumph, a prince or a beggar, according to their idea of merit or demerit; but changing these ideas with every wind that blows.

If curiosity or commiseration shall induce him to visit the numerous prisons, he will see places intended for schools of reformation, become nurseries of vice; he will observe men rendered tenfold more daring and experienced in iniquity, by their punishments; lost to every sense of shame, except that of having any remaining virtues; and familiarized to ignominious deaths, until they placidly contemplate them as natural events.

To conclude our observations on London, should our speculative, chance to be at the same time a practical philosopher, he will retire with due expedition from a place where, although there is so much to learn, there is so little to please. But if destiny should oblige him to take up his residence there, he will make the best of the matter; prudently enjoy all the advantages the town affords; convert his knowledge of mankind, if possible, to their use, and judging with Horace,

"Fools only, fault with places find;
"The fault is solely in the mind."

He will seek happiness within himself, by the practice of virtue, and the pursuit of useful science; which, fortunately for man, require no particular soil of town or country, but will grow and flourish equally well wherever they are properly cultivated.

For the Lady's Miscellany

GLANCES AT LIFE.

No. 6.

THE war which for years past has ravaged Europe, however severely its

consequences may be experienced by individuals, with the bulk of society we should be almost inclined to think it of little consideration; for the reader of the British periodical publications is informed, that the same taste for literature, the arts, equipage, and dress, prevail at this period, as in times when Peace waved her pleasant banners, and cheered with her benign influence.

Woman, lovely woman! ever alive to the bewitching graces of the enchantress *Fashion*, she knows how she may best dispose her blandishments to decorate a person already sufficiently charming to captivate the youthful heart.

In our own country, likewise, the ladies are by no means backward in paying their addresses at the shrine of this universally worshipped goddess. A new costume has scarcely become general in the British metropolis, ere our fashionable belles are arrayed in its elegance, and with any step, attract the admiration of the gazing beaux.

I would by no means be considered as censuring these little elegancies; on the contrary, nothing appears more charming to my sight, than an elegant woman, robed in the fashionable costume of the day; I mean when accompanied with that modesty and grace, without which, a female cannot be pleasing.

As this taste for dress pervades all classes of society, it of course is oftentimes the cause of disquietude, and sometimes of more serious evils. My neighbour Bausu, for instance, (poor man, he is really to be pitied) than whom, a more steady and industrious man can hardly be met with, has the misfortune to have three daughters, whose extravagance in following the fashionable mode of dress, has well nigh disheartened him from prosecuting his business. He complains, but his complaints are disregarded.—Neither a circumstantial detail of his real situation, nor any other mode he has yet

adopted, has had the desired effect—in his family, extravagance and idleness is the order of the day.

On the other hand many are censured whose conduct will bear the strictest scrutiny. And there are a set of fault-finders, who appear more intent on gratifying their spleen, than in seeking a reasonable cause of complaint, who cannot see a well dressed woman without a murmur—How is it possible, say they, that Mrs. such a one can afford to dress so fine, her husband is only a mechanic, and she forsooth must have her fine clothes, while her neighbours are contented to wear those less expensive. They will not consider that the lady in question, while she makes a more genteel appearance than themselves, strives by every prudent means to enhance the property of her husband; and while they are commenting on, and often slandering their acquaintance without cause, she is assiduously engaged in some employment, both of honor and profit. But

"All seems infected, that the infected spy,
And all looks yellow to the jaundiced eye."

"Something too much of this," is prevalent, and the worthy are often reproached by these malevolent and envious people, who cannot bear to see another appear more happy than themselves.

The writer of this, has the honour to rank among his acquaintance, a young lady who possesses that sweetness of temper, and mild sensibility, which never fail to influence in her favour all who are acquainted with her; I have heard her declare that the purest happiness she ever enjoyed, arose from administering to the comforts of a respectable family, the husband and father of which, had for months been confined with illness. Too late of suffering, her gentle mind is ever susceptible, and she would not hurt the meanest insect which creeps the surface of the earth. Her filial love for her surviving parent cannot be surpassed—The eyes of a beloved mother have long since been closed in that sweet sleep, which

nothing human can disturb.—But, oh! the painful separation! While hope remained, her every attention was directed to the dear object of her filial love; when those eyes which often beamed with the purest sympathy, and the most fond regard, were closed in death, then was the period of her suffering—then her cup of affliction seemed to overflow—that mind which was wont to be joyous, was now overclouded with sorrow. The parent of universal nature had, in his wise dispensations, taken from her, her earthly parent; to feel a suitable degree of filial sorrow for her privation, was accordant with the feelings of her soul. But time happily proves a friend to the afflicted; it were not good to mourn always. Although several years have elapsed since this event, retrospection still enforces the sigh of filial love. To the needy and to the afflicted, this lady is always a friend.—The goodness of her heart is often the theme of panegyric; and those who know her worth, will hardly fail to speak her praise. And yet ye contemners of female dress, from the appearance this excellent woman makes in society, she would no doubt, be set down by you as an inconsiderate girl, who is spending the property of a father or a husband, in superfluities to decorate her person. Cease your ungenerous censures, and learn to appreciate female excellence, before you pretend to judge of female decorum.

E.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

CROSS READINGS.

Wants a situation in a wholesale grocery—his Highness the Emperor of Hayti.

Lost on the 6th of this month—the Bloomingdale tavern—the finder will be suitably rewarded by applying to—General Miranda.

Last evening came up from quarantine—that part of Staten-Island situated on New-York bay.

Wants employment—150 passengers lately arrived from Ireland.

For freight or charter—the City of New-York—has excellent accommodations—for foreigners.

The New-England farmers are informed that—759 prime African negroes have just arrived—at the port of Charleston—and are now offered for sale. N B. A liberal allowance will be made to those who buy to sell again.

CORRESPONDENCE.

We acknowledge the receipt of E's communication, which shall be inserted in our next number.

Lines, on a certain melancholy occurrence, are under consideration.

C's Essay on Dramatic poetry, will, we think, be perused with pleasure by our readers; his future favours are earnestly solicited.

Several communications and requests shall be attended to in our next.

SATURDAY, MAY 23.

To note the passing tidings of the times.

On Saturday morning the 9th instant, a daughter of Mr. John Granbery, of Norfolk, in leaning too far out of a second story window, fell over—the child's head first struck the pavement, and it almost instantly expired—the nurse was heard running into the room as the accident happened, but reached the window too late. Who shall, who can paint the sensations the parents must experience?—May the melancholy event warn all those who have the care of children, against leaving them in a room alone, with the windows open. *Mr. pap.*

Deaths in this city during the last week. Adults 25—children 20.

MARRIED.

On Sunday evening, by the rev. Mr. Townley, Mr. Jonas F. Little, merchant, to Miss Susan Halsey, both of this city.

On Saturday morning, at Trinity Church, by the rev. Bishop Moore, Mr. George W. Hawkes, of Liverpool, to Miss Ann Lawrence, daughter of John Lawrence, Esq. of this city.

On Saturday evening last, by the rev. Dr. Miller, Mr. Jacob Rabineau, to Miss Catharine Ann Laughrue Stonehouse, both of this city.

On Saturday evening last, by the rev. Bishop Moore, Mr. Richard Allison, to Miss Elizabeth Buckle, only daughter of Mr. Jasper Buckle, all of this city.

On Thursday evening 14th inst. by the rev. W. Rodgers, Mr. John Watson, of New York,

to Miss Nancy Brown, daughter of the widow Brown, of West-Chester county.

At Newtown L. Island, on the 2d inst. by the rev. Mr. Clark, Mr. Anthony N. Hoffman, merchant, to Miss Phoebe Fell, both of this city.

At Norwich, (L. I.) on Tuesday evening last, by Henry O. Scamman, Esq. Mr. Obadiah Walcott, to Miss Elizabeth Robins.

DIED.

On Saturday morning, of an Apoplectic fit, Mrs. Margaret M. Cormick, in the 30th year of her age.

On Tuesday morning, Mrs. Elizabeth Kettles in the 34th year of her age.—Also, Miss Catharine Roosevelt, daughter of the late Isaac Roosevelt.—Also, Miss Harriet Van Wyck, daughter of the late Theodorus Van Wyck.

On Monday morning, after a lingering illness, which she bore with christian fortitude, Mrs. Margaret Shapter, wife of Thomas Shapter.

On Wednesday, aged 55 years, Mrs. Mary G. Seton, the lamented wife of Mr. James Seton.

I. WOOLFE DALE,
DENTIST.

Has removed from No. 84 Broad-Way, to no. 27 Partition street, opposite the lower corner of St. Paul's Church-yard.

MILES HITCHCOCK,
HAS FOR SALE AT HIS
TEA STORE,

No. 35 Maiden Lane, corner of Nassau-street—Imperial tea in canisters of 2 pounds each.

Ditto do. in boxes containing 7 and 14 lbs.

Hyson Tea, in canisters of 2 pounds.

Do. do. in boxes of 14 pounds.

Souchong, do. in boxes of 10 lbs.

Also Imperial, Hyson, Young Hyson, Hyson Skin, and Souchong Teas by the chest, or single pound, fresh, and of superior quality.

100 boxes Rosett's best Spanish segars.

Also, a few choice pine-apple cheese, together with a general assortment of Groceries.

Families supplied on liberal terms, and Ship Stores put up at the shortest notice. May 2.

CISTERN'S,

Made and put in the ground complete, warranted tight, by

ALFORD & MARVIN.

No. 15, Catharine-street, near the Watch house,

MUSIC SCHOOL.

DR. JACKSON, respectfully acquaints his friends and the public, that his School is now open at his house No. 119 Bowery, at the usual moderate terms of twelve dollars per quarter.

Ladies and gentlemen attended at their own houses as usual.

Dec 27.



For the Lady's Miscellany

HOPE.

NEAR that gently-murmuring rill,
And cot that hangs on yon brown hill,
Where all is calm, serenely still,

Tall stands my tree of Hope!

FAITH planted by this little cot,
To bless and cheer my lonely lot,
When by the world and friends forgot,

This smiling tree of Hope!

Its branches broad, extending wide,
Shading the cot it stands beside,
Kissing the waters as they glide

Soft by my tree of Hope!

When all the toil of day is done,
And slowly sinks the weary sun,
Lighly I trip or gayly run,

To mount my tree of Hope!

No tree I've found so fair as thee,
No friend so dear as thee to me,
And I can never faithless be

To thee, my tree of Hope!

This heavenly plant is ever green,
And so will ever be, I ween,
For wintry blasts change not thy mein,

Thou lovely tree of Hope!

When tempests low'r and threaten me,
I hasten where no storm can be,
Where I am cheerful, gay and free,

Upon my tree of Hope!

My lover false... my friend unkind,
Yet quiet joy I ever find,
Under thy peaceful shade reclin'd,

Thou blessed tree of Hope!

When from thy shade obliged to stray,
Briers and thorns perplex my way,
And tedious wears the lengthen'd day,

Torn from my tree of Hope!

Like some young lark with soaring wing,
Pleas'd with the gay returning spring,
Perch'd on thy boughs I sit and sing
Thou lovely tree of Hope!

I found thee not in life's gay scene,
What though by all thou'rt falsely seen,
For thou art not of earth-born mein,
Thou blessed tree of Hope!

If climb'd by faith thy limbs ne'er bend,
From life's rude storm will all defend,
And be a guide a guardian friend,
Thou blessed tree of Hope!

Without one friend o'er me to sigh,
While pointing to a brighter sky,
Under thy shade I'll peacefully die,
Thou blessed tree of hope!

MALVINA.

Solution to the Enigma which appeared in our last number.

Friend, lay aside thy bow and fiddle,
And I will solve my little riddle;
You eager ask, who am poor I?
Indeed I'm nothing but—a sigh.

MALVINA.

To the editor of the Lady's Miscellany.

Sir,—If the following little simple poem should be deemed worthy a place in your paper, it may be conducive towards the improvement of those dear objects of general admiration which it appears to be your study to render still more amiable by your useful miscellany. Yours, &c.

A subscriber.

GOOD NATURE.

Know, fair maiden, sweet good nature
Is the most attractive grace;
Is the finest, fairest feature
In the fairest finest face.

Wit may strike with admiration,
Sense and judgment all approve;
Beauty courts our commendation,
And enflames our hearts with love.

But good nature, more enchanting,
Does a thousand charms impart;
Fills the features that are wanting,
Captivates the coldest heart;
This improves the worst complexion,
Draws esteem and love sincere,
Friendship, and each kind affection,
Mortal life inherits here.

SMITH.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

CONTEMPLATION.

Ah, mild and heavenly is the morn!
Nature is cheer'd by sweet refreshing showers,
The black clouds are dispersing fast;
A speck of azure now appears,
It grows at length and overspreads the sky.
From yon dark cloud, the glorious orb of day
Breaks forth refulgent. At his approach,
The clouds dissolve and fade away in air,
Leaving an unclouded sky. He now shines forth
Unrivalled; darting his rays in unobscured lustre
His bright beams restore the cheerfulness of nature,
And all the world looks gay.

Health's ruddy children frequent pass my view.
The flowers bent with rain now raise their
drooping heads,

And seem to acquire fresh sweetness.
Mild Zephyrus, as he sails along, drinks in new
odours to perfume the air.

The birds' carol sweetly 'midst yon woodbine
bower,

And raise their tuneful notes in strains so wild,
As thrills my soul with rapture.

The heart that feels no fear when tempests roar,
Whom thunder inspires with melancholy pleasure,

Whose mind it elevates, whose thoughts refines,
Will rise superior to the ills of life.
I feel most happy,—my thoughts are sweetly
calm'd,

By the mild radiance of a Summer's morn,—
My heart o'erflows with gratitude to him,
Who first in pired me to love his works;
And the grand volume he unfolds to view,
Nature's great book, shall not be read in vain.

LAURA.

THE TRANSPORT

I ASK'd of Celia a parting look,
My sadness to beguile;
What ranking fiends my heart forsook!
She bless'd me with a smile.

PARSE.

TERMS OF THE LADY'S MISCELLANY.

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